/159 cont./

262 574 It contributed no little to the enhancement of the holiday mood that plenty of beijús as well as puvas /see the glossary, p. 172/, brick-like pieces of dried mandioca pulp, and, above all, mingaus /see the glosary, p. 171/ were served. Everyone [272] was separately offered in large bowls three kinds: a whitish, thin, scarcely refreshing beaten paste of starch flour, another, yellow one, tasting of squash, and a third one, warm and pleasantly sweet, toward which everyone crowded in order to grant the palate this half forgotten quality of sensation.

609 Most delightful was the absolutely equal treatment that was given us and the soldiers. Chico, this African ape-man, even seemed to impress the little people particularly, and he, like all the others, leaning on his gun, accepted the homage with great dignity and drank in enormous draughts.

It cannot be said that the barbarians actually expressed great astonishment. In general they did not pay any attention to skin color and beard; true, they admired the clothing, the knives, the opera glass, but as children who are not experiencing this for the first time do with their presents at Christmas. A [152] demonstration shot filled them with terror; the women ran away, the men winced and, puzzled, joined in the laughter when they saw our gaiety. To avoid a repetition, however, they urgently begged "åla, åla -- it is enough." At the strange /160/ appearance of our dogs the profesor was so frightened that he manifested the best intention of shooting them dead.

12 August.

437 439 The Bakaïrí paid us a return visit with wife and child. They were heavily laden with beijús. Soon an enthusiastic barter with the soldiers was in progress the latter bartered for arrows or feathers and puvas in exchange for buttons and worn articles of clothing. The buttons, which could be strung on the belt-string, were highly prized. The guests, however, especially preferred [554] knives, plates, and spoons. The tribal sorceress ran about busily; in vain she speculated on a cooking pot, which she excitedly examined from all sides; but she won a spoon, a tin plate, and

/176 cont./

433 It is clear that here agriculture falls behind hunting and
181 fishing; Aldea IV is military in character and forms the frontier
648 defense against alien tribes.

763 In one hut lay an ancient, paralytic little woman emaciated to a skeleton, whose soul seemed to say "åla Bakaïrí" (it is enough Bakaïrí) and was trying impatiently to flutter away. The hammock was resting partly on the ground; two women squatted beside it and, as garrulous cronies, explained to us the suffering of the dying little mother.

231 Of tame animals we found a heron, small parrots, a king-fisher and the socó-morena.

345 The festival hut was 18 meters long, nine meters wide.
532 There were clumsily carved wooden fish hanging there, as well as a few finless specimens, wound bands which perhaps represented the electric eel.

Two square pieces of wood, painted red and white, with modeled nose and two eye sockets were striking; they are held in front of the face and represent doves, whose voice the artist can imitate better than the head (1).

1. Cf. the second ethnological plate
/see p. 165/.

534 /177/ Four menis and a number of rattles were stuck in the
353 side walling.

624 Only in the festival hut did the herald put down his bow and arrows, but he did not part with them during our entire stay, even
[296] when he handed us a few bundles of tobacco. The latter, by the way, was better than among the earlier Bakaïrí. A few modest old
622 people were there, none with gray hair; among them the chief and, if I understood correctly, a vice-chief, the authority during the time the former is absent.

123 A shooting demonstration on the plaza filled them with
152 terror; they jumped with fright and turned away convulsively, most of all the mighty herald. His "åla, åla" was very humble and urgent.

/52 cont./

123 609 the tree skeleton, as though the man were dancing there like a cannibal in a show booth. "Bakaïrí ...," I commence once more, when luckily Antonio comes bounding up with mighty leaps, and, half out of breath from excitement, he for his part now shouts a long explanation downriver, which again I do not understand, but which releases a grateful howl of exultation on the part of the entrenched hero and clarifies the situation as though by a stroke of magic.

[501] [29] [411] The canoe shot out of its hiding place and hastened at once, a fine, long, dry bark-canoe, toward our sad, crooked, wax-plastered, loam-smeared vessel laved with dirty water -- truly, I thought, we were the ones who were entering the sphere of a higher culture here; even though the noble boatman was dressed with only a belt-cord and carried with him nothing but the neatly worked, feather-trimmed arrows and the bow which lay on the floor of the canoe beside a calabash filled with honey, nevertheless in its trimness and cleanliness this total picture gliding toward us contrasted most advantageously with us ragged bearers of civilization beside the piece of wet-rot bark that was called our boat. Well, the newcomer clearly showed by his facial expression that for his part he nevertheless admired us.

123 ● 152 He did not behave at all like the silent, gloomy Indian whose soul, as I might have expected on the basis of our school-wisdom, reflected the monotonous, oppressive environment of the tropical forest; rather, he laughed /53/ and chatted with his fellow tribesman Antonio as though he had [576] grown up in a fortunate country of the temperate zone. In a few minutes we were good friends; at my urging he even told us his name, which, of course, according to the custom of his country, he could not do without modest hemming and 551 622 hawing. His name was Tumayaua and he was the chief of a village of the Bakaïrí a few hours away.

123 609 Thus actually of the Bakaïrí! The hope of the past weeks was fulfilled, we entered our research area among a good-natured little people well known to us, and our debut

/61 cont./

512 [152] [278] The tacitum Indians, men and women, chattered constantly, and Eva's delightful laughter rang out merrily. The women were all busy. One was scraping a reddish bark which, when cooked, furnishes a curative brew, a second was pounding mandioca grains in a mortar. Now and then a swallow was brought to one of the men in the hammock. A beautiful [272] picture there by the flickering fire that leaped up at the enormous kettle; the naked woman with long hair was skimming off the milk-like, gently bubbling foam of the püserego in a little pot and pouring it back again and again with a vigorous swing of her arm. Others stepped up, yours truly as well, and tasted, licking their fingers. My intended looked very trim, [231] too, her "raven-black Mongolian hair" had glints of faded light brown, and she was squatting in front of three discontentedly cawing green parakeets which she was feeding out of [262] a little pot. Then my turn came; she placed a freshly baked, golden yellow beiiú flat-cake in front of me and did not forget to remark that it was her own handiwork.

Fat Yapü had fallen asleep. I, too, was overcome by a pleasant weariness in the unfamiliar, mood-evoking equableness of the domestic activity; I could not resist the pleasant invitation to take a midday nap, although in the largest hammock there I squirmed like a fish in the net.

I had slept soundly. The picture had changed. The women [515] sat outside on the plaza, five in a row one behind the other, busily engaged in delousing. Anyone who caught a little [262] animal placed it on the tip of the tongue and swallowed the delicacy or gave it to the original owner, who received it from the rear in her upturned right hand. The men were attentively watching swallows, "iri"; Luchu shot at them without hitting them; when a pair took its prey in the air, this aroused general interest, and good old Paleko furnished explanatory comments. Everywhere dolce far niente. Only the ants did not celebrate; large carregadores marched by, heavily laden with pieces of stalks and charcoal.

/74 cont./

157 In short, Bakaïrí kúra, the Bakaïrí are good. It would be foolish to misunderstand them in the Rousseau sense, for there was not a trace of any kind of idealism; they were nothing but the product of very simple and undisturbed conditions and gave the visitor who approached with eyes accustomed to motion and strife
000 a picture of an "idyl." Whether one comes from Giessbach, river, or sea, one will feel the magic of a quiet lagoon, that is all.

/75/

II.

Psychological notes about the attitude of the Bakaïrí toward new things. Limits of understanding. Studies with the one on special duty. Difficulties of understanding and of linguistic recording: substantives, verbs, superordinate concepts.

123 I have reported about the interest that the Bakaïrí took in
●152 my clothing. It gradually turned to the pockets in particular, and they soon knew exactly what was hidden in this one and what in that one.

"Had I made shirt and trousers myself?" This question, which annoyed me, always came up. "Had I made the hammock, the moskiteiro myself?" They were strangely affected by the fact that there was nothing that came to light in all my property for which I had answered in the affirmative. It was clearly to be seen that the objects whose origin they could picture to themselves to a certain extent also more actively occupied their attention. The texture of the Paraguayan hammock was felt and eagerly discussed every day.

They wanted to have everything. "Ura" "(it is) mine" was the simple explanation. The men preferred for themselves the practical thing, for wives and children the ornaments, for themselves knives, for the former beads. At sight of the beads, the women became positively excited and only my tin plate was sought with the same covetousness. "Buttons" seemed to be re-
301 438 garded as a kind of bead. Among several women I discovered ornaments that came from our first expedition and had traveled